Caged

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by Outlawed_00

Summary

It's been eight years since the war between angels and demons was won and the demons won, enslaving the angels. They keep one master their whole lives unless they do something to get sent off to another, but demons often trade angels to another for a lot of money. Angels no longer have rights, and their lives and persons are stripped away from them.

Will is an alpha commander who led an army to attack demons. Being an alpha, his life is harder than the others since alphas are viewed as the lowest of society when it comes to slavery. He killed his master and then got bought by another alpha.

Hannibal has just bought Will Graham, saving him from being killed. He tried to gain his trust, but he can't get past the fear the other alpha shows him or the hostility in his gaze. He is surprised by the other's alpha's defiance even thought he'd been in captivity for a long time, intrigued by this, he sets out to get to know the real Will Graham. But he may have some trouble with that along the way.

Notes

So I'm thinking of making this apart of a series. :) This is my first time attempting Hannigram stories, so please bare with me. I'm making a series of one shots before the big book. Forgive me.

Also! I would like to give credit to Dancingdog for the inspiration! I loved their Castiel/Dean Winchester fic, so if you've seen Supernatural and love Destiel, I would give it a read if you haven't already.

The art is from my friend! I really loved it, thought it was perfect so I added it to the story! UwU

See the end of the work for more notes

- Inspired by Taboo by Dancingdog

It had been eight years since the demons won the war, enslaving the angels. Life was hard for every angel, but starting off with the best to worst, betas had it better than omegas and alphas. Angels were usually kept with one master in groups of at least four or five, but sometimes if something happened, then the slaves would be bought out by a new master.

Betas were usually kept as workers, not allowed to breed or mate and the mated ones were allowed to stay together. Even though their working conditions were poor, they were not treated as badly as omegas and alphas, merely punished if they didn't do as asked of them. Sometimes they were kept by bigger companies and made to work with no pay, but instead of having chains around their necks, hands, and feet, they had electrical collars instead. Overall, they were probably the ones that were safer from the harsher conditions.

The omegas were kept for breeding and were taken to different places, and sometimes even separated from their mates even if it was a dangerous thing to do. Even if they ended up dying, they were separated probably just for the fun of it. Some were forced into the porn industries, then some were forced into brothels, and the ones owned by demon alphas were bred but not mated. Omegas were tools, but alphas? Alphas had it way worse.

Demon alphas jumped at the opportunity to grab another alpha. Alphas were marked and forcefully knotted, and more often than not, their wings were clipped or broken. It took surgery to fix the clean breaks in an angel's wings, but because alphas were dangerous, they were kept under close watch. When they once would have fought for dominance, now the demon alpha's were clearly the dominant ones with the advantage. If a demon alpha wanted to knot another alpha -even omega- they would just ask to borrow them or pay to knot them.

Will found himself being held down and knotted more times than he could count every time he went in public until he was scared to leave. His wings had been broken and clipped and he had heavy chains holding him down.

His master would chain him during his rut and rape him, but not *just* him. Will had often seen his master rape his sister, Margot, a sweet little omega that had been surprisingly fond of Will. Even though he should hate Margot, he found himself trying to protect her every time his master got near, often resulting in him taking the knot meant for his own *sister*.

Margot was always terrified of her brother, and despite what people saw on the streets, Margot might as well have been in the same boat as the angels. Her short stubby horns were slightly appealing to him, but he saw her as someone to be protected.

So one day, he decided he would end it for once and all, then made a plan with Margot. He promised her that *he* would kill Mason so that it would be blamed on him instead of on her, knowing that an omega -demon or not- would be punished severely for harming an alpha or refusing them.

And he did just that, allowing Margot to undo his chains and sighing at the freedom. He was scrawny, way too scrawny to put up a good fight against Mason, but he didn't plan on fighting him head on.

Will had grabbed the gun, then shot Mason as Margot called the cops. When he'd been taken away, he saw the relief in Margot's eyes, but also the worry and so now, he was inside of a

vehicle, trapped with other transports. There were other angels, most alphas, some of them even betas and omegas.

His sentence would have been harsher had a well known alpha not have bought him. *Another alpha*. Will had wished they would have just killed him, but he supposed they would rather just let him suffer even more while he was still alive. He wanted Margot there to comfort him as she always did after he'd been raped and left on the floor, but he had no one to reassure him.

Everyday was a nightmare, what would another day be in comparison? Maybe one day, angels could rise against the demons once more and make *them* the slaves instead. He grit his teeth painfully, his red glare staring into the distance. He was near in the middle of nothing when he was forced out, a whip crackling at his back when he refused to move.

He refused the pained yelp that wanted to escape him, his eyes tired and clouded over with a distant look. Will pitied these stupid demons, but he knew that if he spoke out and pointed out their weaknesses, he would be punished even more than refusing to walk forward or walking too slowly.

When he finally got the front door of the huge manor, he squinted at the harsh knock on the door. They were less than polite to their own kind. Truly disgusting creatures indeed. Finally, the door opened, revealing a tall man with large horns, *much* larger horns than his former master's had been. They were black, as was his tail and his eyes were a reddish brown.

Maroon?

"Hello, Dr. Lecter. We've got... Will Graham," the short one said to Will's side. Will fought back the urge to snort as the man nearly cowered behind Dr. Lecter's intimidating presence. Although, Will couldn't help but notice how well dressed he was. Even Mason Verger, his last master, had not dressed this nice for a rich man. "Here are the keys for his chains, sir,"

"I expected you sooner, but nevertheless, unchain him," Dr. Lecter said, his tone authoritative. It made Will double-take, a growl caught in his throat as the demons scrambled to take his chains off. His eyes narrowed, confused as the chains dropped to the ground. It felt like a relief to his wrists, but Dr. Lecter's next words caught him off guard. "Now leave," there was an undertone of hostility towards the other demons and when they left, Will felt the air suddenly stiffen around him.

When Dr. Lecter looked at him, Will averted his eyes down to the ground, wishing he could move his wings closer to his body. Then, he heard Dr. Lecter clear his throat and looked up shyly.

"Come in," Dr. Lecter said, his voice smooth and soothing to his ears. He immediately disliked it and bristled, but followed after Dr. Lecter cautiously. "You may speak, you will be treated as a guest here,"

"Why?" Will asked, his voice hoarse and weary. His shoulders were hunched and he looked like he'd fall over in exhaustion at any moment, but even though he wasn't in any position to fight back, he would if it was necessary. Dr. Lecter smiled at him, but it was *cold.* Maybe he didn't want it to seem cold, but to Will, it wasn't natural.

Did Dr. Lecter want to be called Master or Alpha? Did he make a mistake in asking a question, was he going to be *punished?*

Panic rose in his chest and his eyes went wide suddenly with fear, but he looked up into Dr. Lecter's eyes anyway, expecting a punishment or a beating. He'd been spoken to, but what was he supposed to say? How was he supposed to respond?

"I'm sorry, would you prefer Master or *Alpha?*" Will nearly spat out. At that, Dr. Lecter had frowned as if he had somehow been offended at those words and Will realised the tone he had used with him.

"No, Will," Dr. Lecter said. "You may call me Hannibal, you're not an animal and you will not be treated like one," he said. Will scoffed, not believing he would be that lucky to get someone like Hannibal.

"Are there others?" Will demanded, wincing again. Hannibal tilted his head, curious at the defiance that still sparkled in his eyes.

"I admit that you are the first angel I have," Hannibal said, turning around and gesturing for him to follow. "You must be hungry, I just made dinner," he said, leading Will to the kitchen.

Maybe he was too occupied before, but now he noticed the delicious smells coming from the kitchen that he had just entered. His eyes briefly light up before he pauses behind Hannibal. He should wait to eat right? Normally he would wait until after his master ate, then the other angels would eat, but since he was the only angel here, what should he even do?

He decided to wait until Hannibal told him what to do, watching cautiously as Hannibal sat down at the table and then looked up at him. "Sit," Hannibal said, frowning at him. Will shuffled his feet over to the table, taking a seat where the other plate of food was but he didn't pick up the fork. "As I said before, you will not be treated like an animal. You are alright to eat with me, then you will take a shower and I will get your some clean clothes,"

Will looked up at him, his eyes narrowing in suspicion. He didn't want to question Hannibal's motives, but when he took a bite of the meal Hannibal laid out for him, he couldn't help but notice that Hannibal's eyes lingered on him a little longer than he was comfortable with. The other alpha seemed to take pleasure in Will eating his food, which he found utterly strange.

If Hannibal had poisoned his food, he didn't taste it. Maybe the man was just lonely and wanted some company other than himself since there didn't seem to be anyone else who lived here. He also wondered why there were no other angels in his manor.

"Why are there no other angels? I thought all demons kept them as slaves if they could afford it," Will said, careful with his tone and words. Although, even if he tried, he could not keep the distaste from showing in his facial expressions, nor the hatred that bubbled up in his stomach and Hannibal's nonchalant expression.

"I have never bought an angel. I just happened to hear about you from a friend," Hannibal said, confusing Will. Friend? Will couldn't imagine anyone telling Hannibal anything about him since he wasn't exactly one of the greatest people to learn about- even when the angels were free. He'd always found it hard to socialise and make friends, except for one other alpha. "If you don't mind, I am curious to know what your life was like before the war,"

"Nothing worth mentioning," Will said shortly, fighting back the sigh that threatened to escape him. When Hannibal didn't ask him anymore questions, he looked at him through the corner of his eyes and then shivered. Hannibal didn't look to pleased, so instead, he looked back down to his plate. "I apologise, I'm not very hungry," he suddenly blurted.

"Very well, then I will show you around," Hannibal said, suddenly standing and startling Will. He flinched and seemed to suddenly shrink in on himself, more out of fear that he had made the other alpha mad. Even so, the other alpha didn't appear to *be* angry, he looked more amused. Will slowly stood, but he kept his head down, which seemed to be distasteful for Hannibal. "Raise your head, you're an alpha, not an omega," he told Will.

Will fought back the growl bubbling in his throat, but he didn't raise his head. He didn't *feel* like an alpha anymore, didn't feel like he deserved to be called an alpha. His shame came back at full force and he followed behind silently, his eyes at his feet.

Hannibal, of course, noticed this but didn't comment on it. He was very aware of what happened to other alphas that were kept by another alpha and he was aware of what had happened to Will during his stay with Mason Verger. When Margot had explained to him the situation, she had pleaded with him to take Will, even knowing he had never wanted to take an angel in as a slave or anything more.

He was also aware of what would have happened to Will had he not taken him in or bought him. Will would have been killed, so he supposed he had saved him from that fate even though Will probably thought it was better to die than be taken by another demon.

His focus was redirected to the angel's wings and he scowled when he saw that they were pinned closely to his back, most likely broken. The feather were also clipped down at the bottom and he hated to see that on the angel's wings. Hannibal could recount the time when he'd seen Will before, during the war his wings were beautiful and held high with a pride at commanding his soldiers.

The Will during the war was an intimidating one, an awkward one, but that made him all the more dangerous. Hannibal was aware of how intelligent the angel behind him was, how dangerous he was, but that only seemed to have been stripped from him. Until he'd heard about him killing Mason Verger.

"Here are the baths, I will get you a change of clothes and then after, I will take you to your room," Hannibal said, confusing Will.

"Yes, Ma- Dr. Lecter," Will forced out, immediately walking in. Hannibal sighed and watched him disappear into the bathroom.

Will silently dressed himself, wondering why Hannibal even had clothes fitted for an angel. His wings did hurt when he moved them, and it had been the first time he had seen how they looked in the mirror. They were missing some feathers, the longer ones at the bottom were clipped and they were bleeding again.

His back ached and his wings ached, and even though he was careful with them, he couldn't help but feel self-conscious of his wings. Will wanted to scream, but found that it was hard to scream

when he'd screamed all he was capable of during the first months of being captured. He couldn't even cry anymore. He just simply didn't have any more tears left for anyone or anything.

All that he felt was hatred deep inside of him for demons that had hurt every sweet angel. He also wished he could be with Margot to protect her, but he knew that she would be fine now and that maybe the other angels in her care would have a better life. Margot *was* capable of being cruel, but she had never once been cruel or heartless with any of the angels that had been captured.

A sigh escaped him as he left the bathroom and walked down the hall and the stairs into the living area, nervously looking around for Hannibal. He had been told to come back down to the living area after his shower, so he did, but Hannibal wasn't there. When he looked over to the door, he saw Hannibal walking inside with a package in his hands.

Will fought back the urge to puff out his wings to make himself look larger, instead choosing to stand still in place. When Hannibal approached him, he sucked in a breath, trying not to look as scared as he really was.

"What is that for?" Will breathed out cautiously, backing away from Hannibal involuntarily. Hannibal's eyes narrowed at him briefly before his tail flicked, probably out of annoyance. Maybe he did something wrong and was about to be punished? Did he do something wrong in asking Hannibal a question?

"It's for you," Hannibal said, walking close to him despite the defensive position that Will was in. "I apologise, but it is mandatory for you to wear a shock collar when I take you out in public since I do not intend to put you in chains," Will sighed and braced himself.

"Of course," Will tried not to sound bitter about it, and noticed how Hannibal watched his wings with an unreadable look. He bristled, pulling them as closely as he could to himself without hurting them too badly.

"I will be getting your wings fixed," Hannibal said and Will perked up, shocked. "Come, I will show you to your room," he waved his hand, urging Will along with him.

Will sighed, not wanting to question why he had his own room, but he supposed that it was probably because he was the only angel that Hannibal owned. It was a weird thought that Hannibal was fond of angels because he was sure that there was something darker inside of Hannibal. Something felt off about him, but he didn't know what it was and he didn't want to say anything out loud out of fear that he could be punished.

The darkness inside of Hannibal was barely noticeable, but it was different than normal demons. Somehow he felt like Hannibal was more dangerous than any other demon he had ever come across, but he didn't seem to enjoy the popular cruelties shown towards angels from demons. He was more like a refined gentleman that wanted to appear as normal as he possibly could. Will feared Hannibal, and even though he didn't know Hannibal, something was *fake* about him that he didn't seem to want anyone else to see.

But Will only feared what Hannibal was capable of, refusing to see what Hannibal was *offering* him. What Hannibal offered seemed to be a fair life and a quiet, warm, comfortable home.

Will stood in the room, his eyes wide at how big the room was. Surely he expected something a whole lot worse?

"This is where you will be staying, there are books for your to read if you please," Hannibal told him and Will looked at him in suspicion. "Everything in this room is yours to do with as you please,"

"You're serious?" Will asked, not hiding the surprise in his voice.

Hannibal's eyes were drawn to Will's wings as they fluffed out the best they could and he saved that image for later in hist memory palace.

"Of course," Hannibal said, watching as Will walked into the room. He turned and walked away and when Will turned around to thank Hannibal, the demon was already gone.

Will noticed that there were supplies to bandage his wings and clean them up and blinked at them, wondering if Hannibal had been setting this up for him to do on his own. Maybe Hannibal wasn't as bad as he believed him to be, but then again, he knew that there was something off about Hannibal. Just because the demon was buttering him up didn't mean that he was going to start trusting him, so he kept it in his head that he would watch Hannibal closely from afar before he ever decided to trust him.

Just like that, he started noticing small things that Hannibal would do that tipped him off. If Hannibal had a guest over after work -he was a psychiatrist- he would always redirect conversations very subtly without them noticing that he did so. He was a slick demon, always slipping through the cracks.

When Will was mentioned in conversation, Hannibal would go along with *some* of their beliefs, or flat out lie about him. It was like Hannibal protected him from the eyes of other alphas, always directing them elsewhere.

He never made conversation with Hannibal since the first day he'd arrived and when they went out in public, Will was forced to stay by his side and never stay more than four feet away from him. It was strange, but he figured that it was probably best since he was always being eyed up and down by other alphas on the streets.

Hannibal was a very good liar, he concluded.

He was always hiding in the shadows behind the word 'normal'.

Had Will still been free, he would have hated people like Hannibal. He seemingly lied for no reason, and Will didn't know what he had to lie about.

"You're not supposed to be in here," a voice said, accompanied by a sweet smell. It immediately alerted him that the smell was coming from an omega and he turned to bare his fangs out of instinct. The voice was harsh for an omega and he didn't think he'd ever been spoken to by an omega like that before, not even a demon.

The omega suddenly flinched at his glare, but they seemed to want to ignore their instincts. Instead, the omega puffed out his chest and stepped up to him.

"You stay outside, angels are not allowed in here," the omega said sternly, crossing his arms. Shortly after, a female alpha appeared behind the omega, glaring at Will.

"I'm following my master," Will said, his voice tiny and quiet under the glare of the female alpha.

"Well then you can wait for him outside," the female alpha said, her voice firm and demanding. It was much for intimidating and dominating than the omega's and he could feel the growl escaping him before he realised that it had. The omega stepped back behind his alpha and the female stepped forward, but before anything dangerous could take place, Hannibal appeared.

"He is with me," Hannibal said, his presence making the female alpha halt. Will tilted his head slightly upwards at Hannibal, noticing the glare and defensive position that Hannibal was in. He'd never seen Hannibal look even the slightest bit angry and he shrunk downwards slightly, hanging his head low.

"I'm sorry, Master," Will said out of habit, his wings suddenly aching.

"At least keep him on a leash, shock collars aren't enough for an alpha," the female alpha hissed out, making Will bristle. He glared at the omega, thinking of the ways he could hurt her mate and then flee before he could be hurt.

Will suddenly paused those thoughts, suddenly scared of his own mind. Demon or not, he thought his instincts should be pushing him towards protecting the omega, not *harming* the omega!

When the other demons left him and Hannibal alone, Will stood there not meeting Hannibal's eyes out of fear. "Will, are you okay?" Hannibal asked, looking him over to make sure he hadn't gotten injured. Will looked surprised, not daring to flinch away from his touch.

His touch was so gentle that he hadn't even noticed that he was touch-starved. Will sucked in a breath, finally jerking away from Hannibal and glaring at him in displeasure.

"I'm fine, nothing happened," Will said defensively, earning a sigh from Hannibal.

"Of course," Hannibal said, standing straighter. His eyes swirled with something that Will couldn't decipher, but he did follow after him. Something caught Will's eye and he briefly paused, tilting his head at the painting. It depicted a corrupted angel with wings as bright as the sun falling from the sky, like the how the sun sets every night. When he paused, Hannibal followed his gaze to the painting before Will decided to move forward. "See something you like?" Hannibal questioned.

"Not necessarily. More like I get the reference of the fallen angel," Will said, footsteps almost heavy. Hannibal noticed the angered look in Will's eyes and hid an amused smile. "Like then, when Lucifer fell, now every angel has fallen from grace. To be held by captive by a demon, you've taken our ability to fly and shine like the sun and now we've been burned. I won't say it wasn't our fault for starting the war, we merely stooped low enough to pick a fight with the clearly superior race," Will huffed out bitterly.

They both knew that Will was right, but Hannibal couldn't help but smile. It was a snake-like grin, one only he could pull off with elegance.

"But does that mean you get to be treated like animals?" Hannibal pointed out and Will bristled.

"No," he muttered, not saying anything more on the subject.

"What were you going to do to that omega?" Hannibal asked quietly, startling Will. He'd noticed that Will had stepped forward threateningly towards the omega? Will looked at him, opening and closing his mouth in shock.

"I wasn't," he choked out, clearly lying. He hadn't expected to be pulled out into the open with just one question, his eyes darting over to Hannibal. For the first time since Will had been with Hannibal, their eyes locked together and he felt trapped. "I was just..." Will paused, gritting his teeth and looking away. Now he noticed he was walking in front of Hannibal.

The feeling of Hannibal looming over him made him feel stuck and he froze, feeling a hand reaching out for him. His broken wings, fluffed out as much as they could and he heard Hannibal's voice close to his ear.

"You were about to kill him, weren't you?" Hannibal asked, those words immediately giving Will a headache. Inside of Will's head, he could imagine himself clawing at his head and trying to get Hannibal's voice out of it, but when he blinked he realised he was still standing still. His heart pounded inside of his chest and he found himself wanting to run and escape from Hannibal. He gulped, stepping away from Hannibal and unbuttoning the top button of his shirt, shivering in brief fear. "I apologise," he lied, making Will bristle.

"You're right," Will said, looking back at Hannibal, sweat forming on his neck and forehead. "I was, but I didn't," he breathed out, tilting his head at Hannibal.

When Hannibal smiled, he gulped and turned away. They said nothing more and when they got back to Hannibal's home, he immediately hid himself in his room and read a book.

Hannibal sighed, watching him run up the stairs but all the same, he enjoyed the fear Will had displayed in his presence. He found himself wanting to meet the Will that existed before the war instead of the one that cowered in front of him at every moment.

Every time, he could smell it when Will panicked and started to become nervous. Like earlier, he could smell the rage seeping through Will, that glare and those bared fangs. Had Hannibal not arrived sooner and followed the sound of Will's growl, he is sure that there would have been some kind of fight that would have broken out.

He walked over to the phone and called the hospital to make an appointment for Will's wings as he had promised. Hannibal wanted to get Will's wings fixed as soon as possible, after all, it would be a shame if Will wasn't anything but comfortable.

"You want me to fix his wings? Why?" The beta questioned, his brows furrowing. Will was sat down on the bed, feeling very nervous as the doctor that Hannibal called Abel looked over the information on will. "Won't that be dangerous? I don't recommend you doing that, Dr. Lecter," Abel said, frowning.

Will looked up at Hannibal, watching how he frowned to match Abel's. He didn't look too pleased at being told off. "I have already made up my mind, I want his wings fixed, Dr. Gideon,"

Hannibal said, his tone not leaving any room for argument.

Will realised that this was the man that had broken his wings and clipped them, a growl escaping him when Abel looked at him. They definitely remembered each other from the first time they had met, except now he knew his name. He bared his fangs, his wings flapping as much as they could and Abel looked over to Hannibal nervously.

Even though angels were slaves, that didn't mean a beta or an omega wanted to anger an alpha. Last time Abel had been rough with him, but this time Will wouldn't let himself be handled like he had been before.

"Will," Hannibal warned, shaking his head at Will's aggressiveness.

"Sorry," Will said, lowering his head. Abel released a breath he hadn't known he'd been holding in, his missing horn was clear evidence of what happened when you annoyed or angered an alpha, angel or not. Eight years ago, Will had just been captured and he was wild and scared, but now he was more tame.

Will was put to sleep for the surgery, but it didn't take too long because when he woke up again, he was tired and there was a slight pain in his wings. His eyes darted around the room and he sat up even though he was sure he wasn't supposed to.

It was quiet, until the door opened to reveal Hannibal coming inside, his maroon eyes piercing through Will's blue ones. "I'm sorry, they didn't pay attention to your sedative, you've been out for longer than you were supposed to be," Hannibal said, his tone one of distaste as he spoke the words.

"It's fine," Will grumbled, earning a frown from Hannibal. "I don't blame them, Dr. Gideon didn't want another accident," he huffed, stepping out of the bed.

"I've already gotten everything signed," Hannibal waved off. Their were clean clothes in his hands and Will squinted. "Will you need any help?" He asked, tilting his head.

"No," Will said, stiffening as he grabbed the clothes from Hannibal. "Maybe..." He said nervously, eyeing his bandaged wings uncomfortably.

Hannibal sighed when Will kept his distance, "Call me when you need help with your wings."

Will nodded and went into the bathroom, not locking it as he changed out of the hospital gown. He easily changed, but found he had difficulty when it came to his shirt, growling in pain when he tried to manoeuvre his wings. "Hannibal?" Will called out, watching as the door opened just a few seconds later. "Wings," he huffed.

"I almost thought you were going to attempt it yourself, or did you?" He questioned, helping him put his shirt on carefully. Will could feel his heart beat speeding up as he looked Hannibal in the eyes, a frown on his face.

"Well, I did ask you for help, did I not?" Will growled stubbornly, looking away. Hannibal sniffed Will, just now noticing his scent. It was different from a normal alpha's smell, almost like an omega's scent. It was still very distinguishable, but maybe that was because of him being an angel? He'd never smelled an angel alpha before. "Did you just smell me?" Will asked, baffled.

"I apologise, but your scent is sweeter than a normal alpha's," Hannibal said, backing away from him once the shirt was on.

"I make it a point not to smell other alphas," Will said, scowling.

"Will, before we get home, I must ask you to be on your best behaviour," Hannibal said. "I also want you to help me prepare for dinner, I am expecting a colleague over. I'm aware that you may or may not know him, so I ask that you act kindly towards him even if you don't mean it," he said, leading Will out of the room and down the hall.

Will scowled, not understanding what the other alpha was getting at. He wasn't stupid enough to challenge a demon, and most certainly wasn't about to piss off Hannibal with his dislike for another demon.

Who even was Hannibal bringing home?

"Who is it?" Will asked as he followed after Hannibal to his Bentley.

"Dr. Chilton. I've read that you had acted not so kindly to his psychoanalysis of you," Hannibal said, noticing the scowl on Will's face at Dr. Chilton's name. "I am also aware of what became of him that day, you did quite a number on him," he added.

Will did not answer him, too busy thinking of their last interaction eight years ago. Indeed, it was not too pleasant. In fact, he had misunderstood Will greatly and tried to get him to do something that would incriminate him, not that anything needed to be said about that now since Will was now technically a criminal. On the inside, he was grateful that Hannibal had saved him from execution.

They were silent once they got in and started driving. Will focused more on the scenery around him, thinking about how he should even react to Chilton. He supposed he could act like he'd forgotten Chilton, but then it would be too obvious.

Last time he'd been with Chilton, he'd ripped out his eye during a furious spat between him and Doctor Abel Gideon. Will didn't notice the car had stopped until he heard the door slam and noticed that Hannibal had already gotten out. Quickly, he followed after Hannibal and shut the door behind him.

He wondered what Hannibal would be preparing this time, knowing he could never refuse a good meal from Hannibal. Hannibal had been very good to Will during the month that he was with him, and he found it great that Hannibal never punished Will when he stepped out of line.

There was just one thing that Will hadn't said anything about yet, and that was his rut. It was coming in a few days and he was scared to say anything about it to Hannibal, afraid of what the other alpha would do. When he was with Mason, the other alpha had scheduled Will's rut and tied him down away from the other angels.

Mason had also done the same to the other alphas that were there as well. There had been one time where Mason had been gone during his rut that Margot had *helped* him during a rut. He had tried to refuse, knowing it would only make Mason furious, but she didn't want him to suffer alone.

Will still felt guilty for that because now he knew that Margot was into females and not males.

"You're quiet," Hannibal pointed out, blinking slowly. "Something on your mind?" Hannibal questioned.

"Uh... no... I'm good," Will said nervously. He looked around the kitchen, surprised that he had never bothered to come check out the kitchen before now. "Also... I'm not very good at cooking," he warned Hannibal.

"Don't worry, I will be telling you what to do," Hannibal said. Will tilted his head at Hannibal, realising that he didn't exactly know anything about Hannibal. He didn't seem to ever change his facial expressions much, his eyes were the only thing that seemed eerie to him. The whole time he'd seen Hannibal, he had never once seen him smile.

Will nodded and let Hannibal work him in the kitchen, realising that being captive as a slave for so long, he felt more comfortable being made to do things than he had originally thought. He didn't resist, but that was only because Hannibal didn't order him around like a dog.

For the first time in a while, there was the faintest smile on his face at working beside someone peacefully without the fear of being watched over and whipped if something went wrong. Will hardly noticed when there was a knock on the door, but then he looked over to Hannibal.

"May I get that?" Will said, tilting his head at Hannibal.

"Go," Hannibal said, "I will prepare the rest,"

Will walked off towards the door, opening it and his eyes darkened slightly. He bowed and moved aside, feeling the heated glare that Dr. Chilton gave him and shivering under it. His head tilted towards the kitchen, looking out for Hannibal.

"Dinner will be done in just a moment, please make yourself comfortable," Will said, having to bite his tongue to seem even the slightest bit friendly. At the disgusted look Dr. Chilton gave him at the act, he knew it would be that much harder.

"Oh? Got lucky did we?" Chilton said, making Will bristle.

"Can I get you something?" Will said, ignoring his statement and showing Chilton to the living area.

"Actually," Will felt the hairs on the back of his neck stand up at the alpha's sudden close proximity. He could feel his skin prickling uncomfortably and he moved away from Chilton, his eyes narrowing at the other alpha. "I want to know what made you kill Mason Verger," Chilton said.

At that moment, Hannibal came out of the kitchen his eyes narrowing at how close Chilton was to Will. He didn't seem to be too happy that Chilton was the one up close and personal to Will.

"Dr. Chilton," Hannibal said, his tone almost happy. The only thing that gave it away was his eyes, there was a certain possessive glint to his eyes as he walked up to them. "May we talk in my office? Will, set the table please?" Hannibal told Will, gesturing for Chilton to follow him.

"Yes, Hannibal," Will said, stalking off to the kitchen, grateful that Hannibal had come when he did. He hurried in getting the table set up, feeling anxiety creeping up his spine. Whatever they were talking about, he was nervous to know what they would be talking about or if Chilton would bring anything up about him. He wasn't looking forward to fighting with an alpha and he found that he wanted to be *good* for Hannibal since Hannibal hadn't punished him for speaking out of turn, or doing the slightest thing wrong. In fact, he was sure that Hannibal didn't even care what he did as long as he didn't escape and he wasn't about making people he'd never seen mad get mad.

What would Hannibal be like if he got angry at Will? Suddenly that thought didn't sit well with him. He'd seen how easily it was for Hannibal to lie to people that he held in high regards, also seen that darkness inside of him briefly when he didn't like something, but he'd never once acted on impulse.

Except, there was the time in the store where he could feel Hannibal looming over him from behind, how it felt that he had a hold on everything that he said or did. It was terrifying and he decided he didn't want that feeling ever again.

One thing he was certain of, he didn't care what was right or wrong. He wasn't even sure that Hannibal had a sense of justice with the way he'd asked Will what he'd do to the omega, he almost sounded amused where anyone else would have been worried or scared.

The hairs on the back of his neck stood on end as he heard the footsteps coming back down the stairs and he wondered how long he had been daydreaming for. He tilted his head upwards to see that Hannibal was smiling faintly and leading Chilton to the table.

"Will," Hannibal said, "stay down here please,"

"Sorry," Will said, sitting down at the table with them.

"You let your angel eat with you?" Chilton asked Hannibal and Will looked down at his plate nervously.

"Of course, it's not like I own other angels. I don't see why he can't," Hannibal said, his eyes darting over to Will. "Do you have a problem with him?"

"No, but I do hold a professional curiosity about him. Long before the angels were held captive, there were a few rumours spreading around about him. I also find Mason Verger's murder to be strange," Chilton said, his eyes narrowed at Will.

Will looked up at Chilton, furrowing his brows. "I'm not sure there is anything to say about it," Will said, tilting his head to Hannibal. "Sorry for speaking out of line, but don't you have business to discuss? I should probably wait until after to come back down here, I wouldn't want to cause any trouble," there was a faint smile on his face as he looked back over to Chilton, staring him in the eyes.

There was a heavy silence over the three of them and Will as half tempted to flee the table out of fear. Hannibal could even see Will shaking slightly out of fear that he had spoken out of turn, but once more -Hannibal did not punish him. Instead, Hannibal looked over to Chilton with a displeased look on his face. "If you have something to say to Will, it will have to wait. I would advise leaving Will alone until then," Hannibal said.

Although, Hannibal was curious as to what Will would do if he was put under pressure long enough. Would he fight back? Would he run? He could see that Will was contemplating running, deciding that running would not be best for the poor angel.

"Why do you treat your angel as a guest here? Is he not supposed to be a slave?" Chilton questioned, those words making Will flinch.

"He is not an animal and he will not be treated like one in my house," Hannibal said, his words harsh. Will looked between the two demons, his fingers tapping against his legs nervously.

"I think I'm going to have to excuse myself," Will suddenly said, standing.

"No, but I am curious *Will.* What made you decide to kill Mason Verger?" Chilton blurted. Even Hannibal as watching Will, curious, but not about the question.

"Omega," Will said, looking at Chilton. "I merely acted on instinct," he lied flawlessly, tired of Chilton and his game. Then, he bared his fangs at Chilton angrily, turning around to face him fully. "In fact, if you believe it was something more, then ask his sister, I'm sure she'd love to tell you the details," he added, his eyes almost red with rage.

Dr. Chilton suddenly looked very uncomfortable with Will's presence in the room, remembering when Will had recently been captured. He shifted in his seat and then Will turned to Hannibal, a lot more calm now.

"May I go now? I will wait until Dr. Chilton has left," Will said. Hannibal nodded.

"You may go," he said, watching as Will disappeared from the dining room. He then turned to Chilton.

"Do you let him talk to other demons that way?" Chilton asked, his eyes narrowed at Hannibal. Hannibal smiled briefly, but it was not a welcoming one.

"I do not. He normally holds his tongue, but even a slave has their limits. Especially an alpha, and even I would have a hard time dominating another alpha," Hannibal said. "I'm sure you're very aware he killed his old master, and it was over an *omega*. We can't control their instincts, Dr. Chilton,"

Dr. Chilton took a moment to think about it, realising that Hannibal was indeed correct. Will was still an alpha and they couldn't take away his instincts to fight and claim what he would normally believe to be *his*.

After dinner, Dr. Chilton stayed for a few hours before leaving and then Hannibal decided to go check up on Will. When he opened the door, Will was reading a book and didn't bother looking up from the book to acknowledge Hannibal. It made Hannibal frown in displeasure, but he didn't want to scare Will by ordering him to do something, so instead he just spoke.

"Will," Hannibal said, and then Will looked up from his book. "I apologise for Dr. Chilton, I hope he hasn't offended you,"

"Offended me? It shouldn't matter if a slave had feelings, we're here to work, are we not?" Will said, putting his book away. "Why should it matter if he'd offended me or not?"

Hannibal frowned, not at all liking how Will was talking. He didn't treat Will like a slave, and he wouldn't ever. "Because here, you're not a slave," Hannibal said, leaning on the door frame.

"That's not fair to the other angels. Do you know what the others have to go through?" Will snapped, tempted to bare his fangs at Hannibal.

"I am aware," Hannibal said. "But I do not care what happens to them, I care what happens to you, Will. You're under my care from now on and you would have been killed. I think it's time you learn that," he said, walking further into the room. He leaned over Will, his eyes narrowed.

Once more, Will felt like he was being cornered and he could feel the hairs on the back of his neck stand. He averted his eyes and looked down at the ground, half expecting to be punished.

"I'm not going to punish you, Will," Hannibal said and Will looked up. "I haven't punished you in the month that you've been here and I will never punish you, so lift up your head," he commanded.

When Will looked up at Hannibal, he couldn't help but squint. His tail was curled by his side, the fluffy end of the tail twitching only slightly to indicate his annoyance. It seemed that Hannibal was not one to rely or act upon instinct no matter how annoyed he was. Everything that Hannibal did was planned out, then he suddenly realised that Hannibal may or may not have had this planned to see what Will would do.

"You planned this," Will said, his eyes narrowed and Hannibal grinned only slightly, it was so faint that Will thought that he was imagining it. He felt defeated.

"I admit to being curious as to what you would do, but I have not planned this," Hannibal said, straightening up. He looked like a peacock displaying his feathers pridefully and that annoyed Will, but he dared to say that out loud.

Will suddenly stood, nearly as tall as Hannibal and bared his fangs in a challenge. He wasn't at all happy with Hannibal and he didn't *want* to get into more trouble with the law because next time, he was aware that he wouldn't be saved from being executed.

There was a brief twinkle in Hannibal's eyes as he looked at Will, and even though this wasn't the reaction he wanted, he was pleased with it. Will jumped at him, finding his smirk to be annoying and he growled.

Hannibal was startled, but he immediately masked his surprise as he tried to fight off Will. The angel had gotten a hole lot stronger over the last month, but he still wasn't as strong as he used to be so it was easier to get Will subdued just long enough to calm down.

He was pinned down to the ground, Hannibal on top of him. "Your wings, Will," Hannibal said, not at all worried. "You need to be more careful or you will injure them again," he got off and Will growled.

"Any other demon and I would have been killed for that," Will grunted, now knowing the extent of the things he could possibly get away with. He sat up, wincing slightly at the pain in his shoulders where he was roughly pinned down.

"I am aware of that also, but I hope you now realise that I am no ordinary demon," Hannibal said, eyeing Will up and down. There was a heavy silence, not tense, not comfortable. Then, Hannibal left Will in the room alone to contemplate.

Will had locked himself away for a few days during his rut after he'd told Hannibal that it was coming up. To stop himself from possibly attacking Hannibal or Hannibal attacking Will, he was locked off to deal with it.

He'd said he'd prefer to spend it alone and he was grateful that Hannibal was not like the other alphas and didn't force him to do anything that he wasn't comfortable with. It made Will feel happy that he hadn't had to suffer through being tortured or forcefully knotted and chained. The thought still made Will growl in displeasure and rage.

After his rut, he found himself briefly wondering about Hannibal and what he was like during a rut. He could almost imagine what Hannibal would look like during a rut, his face flushed and hair messy; so different from his usual appearance.

Will paused, his eyes wide at the realisation of what he was just thinking about. He shook his head and frowned, deciding to just forget that image inside of his head.

He sat down in the living area, reading a book on the couch while he waited for Hannibal to come home. His wings were healing nicely and he was glad that he healed very quickly due to being an alpha. Even if they were not completely healed yet, they would be healed in at least another weak, *if* he was lucky and didn't decide to attack Hannibal again hen he was annoyed.

The door opened and Will looked up from his book, watching as Hannibal walked by, his tail waving behind him. It almost reminded him of a lion's tail, except thicker.

Hannibal's scent suddenly entered his nose and he opened his mouth slightly, tasting it. Will had never noticed it before, but Hannibal smelled really good.

"Good afternoon, Will," Hannibal said, his voice sending tingles down Will's spine that made him frown slightly.

"Good afternoon," Will said, closing his book gently and setting it down. He avoided Hannibal's eyes as Hannibal walked up the stairs to his office.

For once, it was like Will as noticing things that he probably should have been noticing before, like Hannibal's scent. He didn't, and he found it strange how he was just now paying attention to Hannibal in different ways he hadn't care to before.

He had to remind himself of that feeling of being trapped, knowing that Hannibal controlled every bit of his movements. If Hannibal wanted Will to react a certain way, he saw to it that he got his result.

That was how it happened every time that Will was in pain or uncomfortable with a certain situation. He sighed, following after Hannibal, but not knowing why he did it.

He ran straight into Hannibal and nearly fell down the stairs. Then he felt Hannibal's hands on his arms to keep him from falling, heat radiating from the spot where Hannibal's arms were. Will

felt embarrassed that he hadn't been paying attention, but more embarrassed over having to be saved from falling down the stairs.

"Sorry," Will said, slightly nervous.

"It is quite all right, Will," Hannibal said, releasing Will. "Did you need something?" He asked.

"Uh, no," Will said, looking anywhere but Hannibal.

Hannibal stared for a long moment at Will, curious as to what the angel was thinking of at the moment that had him so distracted. It was clear that he was just acting without thinking, but what he was going to do as unclear. "Do you wish to help with dinner?" He asked.

"Sure," Will said, finally looking up to meet Hannibal's eyes. It was only for a second before Will looked away.

Hannibal led Will down to the kitchen and got him to work on helping with dinner. Will's mannerisms were slightly different than usual and he seemed to be stuck in his head thinking more than he usually did, but he supposed that it wasn't uncommon for Will to remain silent for most of the day. He barely said two words to Hannibal.

Then after dinner was done, it was quiet until Will left. Once Will was inside of his room, he laid down on the bed and tried to sleep.

He tossed and turned in the bed, not being so mindful of his wings. Every time he closed his eyes, he was imagining Hannibal looming over him and controlling his every movement.

In his dreams he was scared of Hannibal, scared of Chilton, and terrified of Mason. He could see Mason's ghost in his dreams, taunting him when he just wanted to forget that he had killed him. Everything that he went through eventually led him to Hannibal.

Will found himself thinking of Hannibal in a way he had never thought of anyone before and he found it repulsive. *Hannibal* was a demon, but not just a demon an *alpha.* Their main instincts should tell Will that Hannibal was a threat.

When he finally went to sleep, he dreamt of Hannibal and those red eyes. His huge horns and long tail swishing behind him, his hands behind his back and watching over him. Will was below him, screaming and crying out in pain as his broken wings and clipped feathers reminded him of what every other demon had done to him.

Maybe Hannibal could have been the worst one yet, but he wasn't. It scared him that he couldn't escape, that he was so different to Hannibal and he almost wished that he was a demon so he didn't need to suffer.

The feeling of Hannibal controlling his emotions, how he acted and how he felt scared him. What if there was an ulterior motive to Hannibal's actions? Or was he just simply *curious?*

Will awoke, sweating and panting. He looked around quickly, but there was no Hannibal anywhere to be seen.

A sigh escaped him as he curled in on himself. His wings were healing, they wouldn't be broken anymore. He tried to tell himself that he didn't have anything to fear from Hannibal, but the feeling that Hannibal had ulterior motives didn't sit well with him.

After all, Hannibal didn't seem like the type of person to just do something without gaining something in return. Will had the suspicion that it was Margot who had called Hannibal to get Will and stop him from being executed -and while he was grateful, he also knew that she didn't even suspect the darkness deep inside of Hannibal in the slightest.

He sucked in a breath, running his fingers through his curly hair and listening to everything around him. There was still the feeling of being watched, but he *knew* that he wasn't being watched.

It took a while before he finally calmed down and once he did, he leaned back against the headboard and waited until the sun started to rise.

Another month had passed and then Hannibal started to note physical changed in Will as well as the obvious things that stuck out to him. Sometimes when he arrived home, Will would be asleep on the couch with a book still open and holding it to his stomach with one hand, or he would be asleep in the library. When he was eating, he noticed the bags under his eyes and started to notice how Will stopped talking again.

At night he would hear whining coming from Will's room, but now that he put it together, Will was probably having nightmares and waking up from them in the middle of the night. It wasn't fun to wake up to either, but Will started to look exhausted.

This time when he came home, Will was no where to be seen around the house. He looked all over for Will, but he couldn't find him until he went outside to see Will trying to stretch out his wings and flap them. Hannibal hid away from Will's peripheral vision, watching as Will lifted himself off of the ground. It didn't last for very long and Will's face scrunched up as he quickly landed on the ground.

Will still looked tired, but there was a certain look in his eyes that made Hannibal approach him without knowing that he was. "Will," Hannibal said, startling him.

"Oh, Hannibal, you're back," Will said, his voice monotone and a bit tired.

"What are you doing?" Hannibal questioned.

"Trying to fly," Will said awkwardly. "But my wings are not strong enough," he added. Hannibal had the sudden urge to run his fingers through Will's feathers, watching how the purple seemed to shine in the sunlight.

"You haven't flown in eight years, and they've been broken and clipped," Hannibal pointed out and Will just stared at him hopelessly. "You need to strengthen them. If you want, I could help you?" He suggested.

Will could feel his heart flutter slightly, but he shook his head. "No, I'm fine. I've got it," Will said stubbornly, his wings puffing out. Hannibal didn't believe him, but he also didn't push it. If Will needed his help, he would ask for it and until then, Hannibal would leave him to what he

does best. After all, Hannibal didn't have wings, and he surely wouldn't accept help so easily if he had wings from a demon who doesn't have wings.

"Very well," Hannibal said, nodding. Will watched him cautiously and it was clear he still held doubts about him, so he didn't touch him or push him. After all, even though Will hadn't been near the strength he was eight years ago, he was still able to fight back against him and he could definitely still remember that alpha strength. He knew when to back off.

When Hannibal left, Will relaxed and continued to flap his wings. The movements of his wings were shaky and they felt very heavy and sore with each movement since they hadn't been used in so long. He was upset that his wings weren't as beautiful as they were before, but he also still didn't think he had the right to be prideful about anything. He was bitter over everything that had happened in the last eight years, and he wasn't at all ready to give up what little pride he had left to a demon. After all, he was the one that could fly, *not* Hannibal.

Will huffed, resting his wings behind his back and straightening out his shoulders. He felt sore so he decided to go in and give it a rest, he might as well just start again tomorrow.

"Will," Hannibal called out, stopping him before he could reach the stairs. "I'm going to be taking you to a party tomorrow night with some of my colleagues, don't worry. You won't be the only angel there, but I do request that you pick something nice out," he told Will.

"Yes, Hannibal. Is there anything you require me to do before I go to bed?" Will asked.

Hannibal studied him for a moment, knowing that he probably wouldn't be getting a good night's rest anyway. He hadn't been for the past month, waking up in the middle of the night whimpering and sometimes even yelling and crying out for help.

Then, he shook his head, deciding it would be best if he just let Will try to get some rest. Even though he didn't show it, he didn't exactly want the angel to be tired for tomorrow. "No, I'm fine. But I will call you for dinner, you're not skipping dinner," Hannibal warned him and then Will nodded, disappearing up the stairs.

The next day when Hannibal arrived, Will was stretching out his wings again and flapping them. The slight breeze was ruffling his feathers and making them look even more majestic from afar, the purplish hue catching Hannibal's eye.

Will seemed to sense him, turning around and watching Hannibal carefully before walking up to him, nervously fidgeting. "Good evening, Hannibal," Will said, but he didn't smile. "I need help picking something out, I don't know what to wear," he said bluntly, earning an amused look from Hannibal.

"Of course, Will. It would be my pleasure to help my angel," Hannibal said. Will suddenly perked up, squinting his eyes at Hannibal's possessive wording. Shivers went down his spine and before he could say anything, Hannibal spoke first, "follow me, I already have something I would like you to wear,"

Will followed after Hannibal almost like a lost puppy, his wings pinned behind him as he stepped behind Hannibal cautiously. He breathed in Hannibal's scent and tilted his head at how almost comforting that the scent was before shaking his head and following Hannibal into

another room. For a second, Will had to do a double take and think before realising that he was inside of Hannibal's room.

The angel had never been to this part of the house, and never inside of Hannibal's office before. There were only a very few set of rooms that Will had never ventured into out of fear of being punished because if anything could make Hannibal want to punish Will, he was sure that would be going inside of his room or office without permission. Even he would do that since it was an invasion of privacy and he respected anyone's privacy as much as he could.

He sniffed the air, closing his eyes briefly and noticing how much stronger Hannibal's scent was in here. Will was almost excited.

Hannibal grabbed a suit out of the closet and Will almost immediately felt like that would cost his life -even before the war. He'd never had any money to afford anything like that, let alone dirty one as a slave. He tilted his head.

"I- I'd be too afraid to ruin it," Will said nervously.

"Nonsense, if it gets ruined then I can have it fixed or buy a new one," Hannibal said.

Will was almost annoyed at how sure that Hannibal sounded of himself, wondering why anyone would spend that much money on clothes. He felt uncomfortable even thinking about wearing it, let alone actually putting it on. But, he guessed that if Hannibal asked him to wear it that he would.

So, Will took it and Hannibal told him to ask for help if he needed any before he disappeared off into his room. They would be leaving shortly, but Will was worried that he would mess something up. He begrudgingly put it on, although he found that he had trouble with the tie.

He kept tying and untying the tie before deciding to just finally leave it crooked, not caring how it looked since he wasn't going to end up getting it right. When he left his room, Hannibal came out already dressed. As usual, Hannibal looked as good as he usually did. It seemed to Will that he'd actually never seen Hannibal in something comfortable in the whole time he'd been there.

"Your tie is crooked," Hannibal said, walking up to him. Will froze as Hannibal reached out to fix his tie and he couldn't help but feeling the butterflies in his stomach. "Come on, let's go," he moved back when he was done and gestured for Will to go first.

"Is anyone I know going to be there?" Will asked, opening the front door and then standing beside the Bentley, waiting for Hannibal to unlock the doors.

"Margot, Chilton, maybe even Dr. Gideon if he accepted the invitation," Hannibal said and Will wrinkled his nose slightly at that as they opened the doors and slipped inside of the car. Hannibal could see his displeasure upon hearing Dr. Chilton and Dr. Gideon and sighed. "I expect you to be well-behaved. Of course, there will be other angels there that you will be able to mingle with, I'm sure. Dr. Chilton has an angel of his own that he said he planned on bringing. I'm sure many other will as well, mostly to show off their angels," he said.

"Then why bring me?" Will asked, then realising he didn't even have his shock collar on. "I don't even have a shock collar, won't I get in trouble?" He questioned sceptically.

"I'm bringing you along merely as a companion this year and *not* as a slave, I assure you of that," Hannibal told him, "but if it makes you feel better, you can put the shock collar on if you want to," he said.

Will wrinkled his nose but thought it better to put it on in case other demons did not like the idea, but he didn't *know* where it was. Then he looked over to Hannibal who had already read his mind, pulling out his shock collar. He didn't question when Hannibal had brought it.

He grabbed it from Hannibal and then clicked it in place around his neck, still hating the way it looked on him and how he usually had to bring it everywhere. Except, he wasn't willing to receive backlash from other angels or demons for the fact that he had certain privileges that the others didn't, or that he was being defiant. Will looked out the window, not commenting on what Hannibal said and deciding that it wasn't worth the explanation.

At least he got to see Margot again. He needed to know that she was alright and that she was coping well. Inside, he found that he actually didn't care not one bit about the angels in her care, as long as *she* was okay.

When the car stopped, Will didn't even recognise where they were. With how big the place was, he wasn't sure if it was a house or some other type of place. He guessed he would find that out when he got inside, but the moment they stepped out the car, they saw other demons and angels going inside.

It looked like Hannibal had been telling the truth when he said that there would be other angels, and they had all been made to dress up for the occasion as well. Will couldn't help but notice how one looked like they were wearing make-up, most likely to hide bruises or scratches, he wouldn't put it past any of the demons there. They all looked like snobs, but he decided that he wouldn't comment on it just in case someone overheard him.

Almost immediately he clung to Hannibal, trying to ignore the stares he got from some of the alphas or omegas in the room. They knew almost as soon as he passed them that they were thinking about taking him from Hannibal, or in other words, "borrowing".

He'd been to a place like this only once, but that was when Mason had made him come. Before, he hadn't dressed completely for the occasion and he actually had been "borrowed" because Mason didn't care what happened to him.

Hannibal noticed Will's anxiety but didn't comment on it. This had been once more another test for Will, to see how he would do under the pressure of other demons and alphas way stronger than he.

He knew that when Will found out, it would end up resulting in another fight between the two of them, but this time he was prepared for Will to attack him just in case he somehow found out that Hannibal had been doing this on purpose. In reality, he was expecting Will to snap at the Gala tonight if he was under the right pressure.

Will's eyes swerved around the large room until he spotted a few angels he was sure that he recognised, his eyes lighting up only slightly. Beside a woman with short curled hair was Beverly, one of his friends since first grade. The only thing stopping him from approaching was the other woman's sharp gaze, surveying the room almost seemingly innocent as she looked for

someone. Her eyes fell on him and Hannibal and he could feel the hairs on the back of his neck prickle uncomfortably.

Then, Hannibal started to move towards her and then Will was almost tempted to run away. He had to stop his wings from fluttering or closing around himself nervously.

When they reached the two women, Beverly's eyes shone in recognition upon seeing Will. The beta walked up to him, not caring what her master said as they were the first from the group to greet each other.

"Will!" Beverly said. She probably would have hugged him had it not been for Hannibal's and her master's eyes on them keeping them in place. Beverly's grey wings were a lot smaller than his, and she didn't seem to change much since they'd last seen each other. They had also been assigned to the same garrison in the war. "It's been forever. No offence, you look like shit. Have you been sleeping? Your wings seem to have healed up too," she rambled.

"None taken," Will said, sighing comfortably. "Just a little nightmares here and there, nothing to worry about," he shrugged his shoulders. He wanted to say more, didn't want to talk about himself but instead ask how Beverly had been holding up on her own without him. She seemed to be treated well, but he knew that it could easily be covered up since. Her wings *also* looked healed up and not broken or clipped. "How have you been?" He asked.

"Good, but I should be asking you that. I heard about what happened with your old master," Bev said, startling Will. Once again, he looked like a scared animal with his eyes wide and his wings fluffing out. Beverly frowned at him, not commenting on his reaction.

"Will!" Another voice piped up through the crowd, drawing the two angels' attention over to the voice. It was Margot. "I'm so glad you're looking better, you're wings are also very pretty," she said, smiling at him.

"Oh? And who's this?" Beverly questioned Will.

"My old master's sister," Will commented quietly before looking up at Margot with a very faint smile. "How are you holding up?" He questioned Margot, walking up to her. Unlike Beverly, Margot did in fact hug him.

He was sure that they were the only odd balls in the whole Gala that actually cared to mingle. Margot was probably one of the few who actually was seen giving affection to one of the angels, but they probably wouldn't blame her and say it was just the omega in her, which he despised. Just because Margot was an omega, didn't mean she would be kind to an angel, he had met some angry demon omegas, even a sadistic one who borrowed him to beat him.

"Oh, an *omega,* huh Will?" Beverly teased. Margot released Will and then Will shuffled awkwardly.

"Well, she's actually..."

"I'm gay," Margot said as a matter of fact.

Beverly's brows raised and she raised her hands in apology. "I'm sorry, how rude of me," she said and Will rolled his eyes, looking through the crowd. He hadn't paid any attention to

Hannibal, but he was off with that female demon.

"Hey Bev, who was that demon you were with earlier?" Will asked, gesturing to Hannibal and the woman.

"Oh, that's Bedelia," Beverly said. She didn't sound angry, in fact she almost sounded grateful. "Might I ask who the handsome devil is?" She wiggled her brows and Will tilted his head.

When he looked over to Hannibal, he couldn't help but agree with her that he indeed was handsome but before he could linger on that thought, he shook his head. "Uhm... Hannibal Lecter. They might be work colleagues or something," Will said, shrugging his shoulders.

"Oh, that's his psychiatrist," Margot told the both of them.

"Wait, really?" Beverly asked.

"A psychiatrist with a psychiatrist," Will mused, his eyes narrowing at Hannibal.

Then he was sure that Bedelia could possibly know about Hannibal even more so than he did, and he couldn't lie and say that he wasn't curious because he was. Hannibal was one of his nightmares, not for how he treated Will, but because of who he could possibly be behind the mask.

Actually, he'd never seen Hannibal smile until now. The both of them were laughing with each other and Will found himself *jealous* of Bedelia that Hannibal would smile around her, but not around him. He wanted to make Hannibal smile at least once, but he also knew that it most likely didn't matter anyway.

He tossed the thought out of his head, repulsed by his own jealousy since Hannibal was a demon *alpha.* Will rolled his eyes and then noticed that Beverly and Margot had been talking the whole time.

"-ill -Will! Earth to Will," Beverly said, waving a hand in front of his face. Will furrowed his brows and then looked over to her. "God, Will, seriously?"

"Will, he has been treating you okay, right?" Margot questioned him.

"Oh- yes, he has actually. Sometimes it's a bit uncomfortable," Will admitted, shrugging his shoulders. "So what is this whole thing for, exactly?" He questioned, gesturing around the room.

"Oh! Yes- this actually supposed to be announcing some type of new business, so they've hosted a party at this place so everyone supporting it could be here. Quite a few people are supporting it," Margot said, smiling.

"Uh, yeah, so uh... who hosted?" Will questioned. Margot's smile fell just a little.

"Er, that's... well, one of the demon princes," she said slowly and Will bristled only slightly. It almost felt *insulting* to be here supporting a company made by one of the demon princes, even Beverly seemed to revolt against the idea. "I'm assuming Hannibal didn't tell you? I told my angels and none of them wanted to come sadly," Margot sighed.

Will felt that he had once again been tricked by Hannibal, but he felt that he had willingly walked into the trap so he had no one but himself to blame for that. Later, he would be talking to Hannibal about that, but until then, he would play nice with the other demons and angels in the room instead of cause a big fuss. So he just shrugged it off. "Well, he didn't, but I guess it's fine. I mean, I'm here, am I not?" Will said, shrugging his shoulders nervously.

Shortly after that, Will could smell a powerful scent entering the room -a very familiar one. Margot suddenly backed away and then Will felt a presence behind him, and Hannibal's scent filled his nose, although the powerful scent was *not* coming from Hannibal. It was like Hannibal's scent calmed him and he didn't even know that his wings had flared out.

Everyone in the room suddenly went quiet and Will looked to Hannibal with narrowed eyes, questioning him silently. He only received a strange look from Hannibal that he did not quite understand and then looked away.

He would never admit to anyone that he was scared, and he refused to admit that Hannibal was a comforting presence to him or that he slightly leaned into Hannibal's side.

End Notes

Thank you for taking the time to read this! The next part is already being worked on while you're reading this end note! I love Hannigram and this work is apart of a series! This is my first time attempting a story like this because I'm not too familiar with Omegaverses! Please go easy on me ;)

Also if I messed anything up in the final form, please tell me or correct me! I would be grateful for it, thank you!

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!